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CANCER

For a full hour they argued with
the force of their ability, bringing to

THE MORGAN WILL.

I had been admitted to the bar,
but as I had very little practice and
found myself with plenty of time on
my hands, I had got into the habit
of dropping in to chat with a news-
dealer who kept a stand not far from
my office. Old Bowls, as everybody
called him, dealt also in waste paper
and rags, which he sold to the paper-

One evening he was sorting a lot of
rubbish, when my practiced eye
lighted on what appeared to be a
legal document, bound with blue
tape. I took it up, and saw that it
was marked "Last Will and Testa-

I opened it and commenced to
read:

In the name of God, Amen. Know all men
by these presents, that I, James Morgan,
being of sound mind and disposing memory,
do make and publish this my last will and

"What's that you say?" demanded
Bowls, as he dropped a handful of
paper and looked up at me.

I repeated what I had read.

"All right," he said. "Now read on,
Squire."

"I give and bequeath to my adopted
daughter, Elizabeth Morgan, oth-

erwise known as 'Elizabeth Summers,'
all my personal and real property,
after the payment of my funeral ex-

penses and my just debts."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bowls,
"that must be the will of old Morgan,
who died four years ago—it was said,
intestate. He left not less than \$100,-

000, that all went to remote heirs,
though everybody expected it would
have been left to this very, Elizabeth
Summers, his adopted daughter."

"What has become of the adopted
daughter?" I asked.

"I do not know, but I think I can
find out."

"How much of this property is real
estate?" he asked.

"Well, there is the Oakdale planta-

tion which lies about five miles out
from here, and is worth at least \$50,-
000. Then there are several houses
in town also, besides \$25,000 in
Government securities."

"Who is the relative that got the
property?"

"Simon Skaggs. He lives out at
the Oakdale farm. I think he is a
second cousin to Mr. Morgan."

"What kind of man is he?"

"A mean old skunk, or he would
never have taken the last cent from
that poor girl."

"Well," said I, "I propose to take
this will home with me to-night and
examine it carefully. If I find it all
right we'll hunt up the girl and re-

cover the property for her."

To this he assented, and, depositing
the document in my pocket, I bade
the old man good-night and re-

turned to my office, where I sleep.

The next afternoon I went to Bowls's
store. He was alone, waiting for me.

"I have found where the girl is," he
said, as soon as I told him that the
will was undoubtedly genuine.

"She lives about fifty miles off in a
little place called Friendsville, quite up
among the mountains, on a wild hill-

farm where things go on in the most
primitive manner. A distant rela-

live—aunt three times removed,
very poor, but it seems, not without
a heart—heard of her destitution,
and sent for her. An old lady who
used to know the girl and had her at
her house awhile after old Morgan's
death, happened to come here, and
asked her if she knew where Elizabeth
Summers was."

"I will go down and see her to-mor-

row, I said promptly."

"And bring her back with you,"
answered Bowls, as briskly. My
daughter and I will give her a home.
God!" he cried, rubbing his hands
enthusiastically, "we'll be too much
for old Skaggs, after all."

At the next afternoon
when I arrived at my destination,
having made the journey partly by
rail and partly by stage. The coach
put me down at a lonely crossroads,
from which I had about two miles to
walk.

"Oh, yes—the Widow Bonham,"
said the driver, pointing with his
whip, "lives up yonder, just around
the point of the mountain. You'll see
her in ten minutes or so."

It was a warm, sultry day in Au-

gust, with not a breath of air stir-

ring. I soon caught sight of the
house—a plain, unpretending struc-

ture like so many in that region.
When it was about 200 yards dis-

tant the sound of falling water at-

tracted me, apparently coming from
some precipitous rocks on the left.

As I was thirsty I went toward it,
and found a corner of a cliff above
some girl, about 20 years of age,
emerged from a sort of cave, bear-

ing on her shoulder a large water jar.
The lightness with which she stepped
from stone to stone across the brook,
the poise, as of some sylvan goddess,
with which she bore aloft the jar,
made me utter unconsciously an ex-

clamation of surprise. Though she
was dressed in the coarsest home-

spin and wore neither shoes nor
stockings, I forgot altogether the
homeliness of her apparel in the grace
of her movements, the exquisite con-

tour of her figure, and the beauty of
her expressive face, which was now
mantling with blushes. A small dog,
apparently a self-constituted pro-

tect, barked at me furiously as I ad-

vanced, hat in hand; for intuitively
I knew this must be my client.

My client it was. I lost no time in
explaining the object of my visit.
She was very much surprised, but
after a moment's hesitation, she said
with dignity:

"Come up to the house, please. I
will consult my aunt. Down, Tip-

down sir."

The dog ceased barking at this
command and trotted quietly ahead.
I offered to take the jar, but she
declined with the composure of a queen.
When she had introduced me to
Mrs. Bonham and said, "This gentle-

man, aunt, has something very
strange to tell you, and I will leave
you with him for a moment," she

disappeared, returning some quarter
of an hour later, dressed in a becom-

ing blue muslin and with the daintiest
of slippers on her pretty feet. I had
meantime produced the will and
given details of the manner in which
it was found.

Not to dwell too long on this pre-

lude to my story, I will say briefly
that my client and I started the next
morning for Kent, and were met at
the depot by Bowls and his daughter,
who relieved me of my charge, while
I went to my boarding house for
supper and thence to my room.

The next day I filed the document
in the office of the County Clerk and
gave notice to Skaggs that on the
following Monday I should move
that it be admitted to probate.

But here a new difficulty presented
itself. In our anxiety to find the
claimant we had utterly overlooked
the attesting witnesses.

I immediately went to Bowls and
stated the difficulty.

"Ah!" said he, "why have we not
thought of this before?"

"Do you know these witnesses?"
said I.

"Yes, I know them. Tom Jones
lived as a tenant on the old man's
farm at the time of his death. He
now lives about ten miles out on the
Lancaster road. And, as certain as
I'm a sinner, squire, the other witness
is dead. William Jackson? Yes—I
remember him. He moved to Texas,
and died a year ago."

"Then it's all up. We can't get
along without both witnesses. Are
you sure that Jackson is dead?"

"I am certain sure. He has a brother
living in this town, who received a
letter from the family in Texas at the
time of his death. There is no doubt
about it."

"Then we may as well drop
the matter at once. The law of this
State requires the evidence of two
witnesses, and makes no provision
for the death of one."

"It does look rather ugly, if that's
the case," said Bowls. "But let's
make a fight for it—something may
turn up in our favor."

My fears proved correct, however.
We made a gallant struggle, but it
was in vain. My speech, I was told
afterward, was applauded privately
by the Judge, though in his official
capacity he felt compelled to decide
against me. I remember that I spoke
from a full heart of the injustice of
refusing to receive a will which every-
body knew to be that of Morgan,
merely because one of the witnesses
had died.

My fair client still remained at my
friend Bowls's. "My eldest daughter
has come to live here as a sister," he
said, "Bessie, as you must have
seen, is unusually intelligent. She
had received quite a good education,
too, before old Mr. Morgan died. The
cheerful manner in which she bore
her subsequent poverty is, as Mrs.
Bonham says, a proof of an un-
usually noble character. Now we
have invented an excuse that we
want a nursery governess, for she is
too proud to stay as a mere pension-
er, and her aunt has consented to the
arrangement, saying that it is a sin
to bury Bessie among the hills."

One day in the following summer I
was in the clerk's office searching
some old records, when I came upon
a page that almost took my breath
away. After reading it carefully I
closed the book and returned to my
office.

The next day Simon Skaggs was
served with a summons to answer a
suit of ejectment, in the name of
Elizabeth Morgan, for all the real
property held by him, which he
claimed as heir-at-law of the late
James Morgan; and great was the
excitement in the village when it was
known that this suit was begun.

"What could it mean?" asked every-
body.

I told no one. Even to Bessie I en-

gaged myself that I thought I saw
a chance to recover but I was careful
not to appear too sanguine.

In two months the Circuit Court
came on. Again the court was
crowded. The excitement was even
greater than it had been before.
I had prepared no brief. Not even a memorandum
or a book did I carry to court.

"Morgan vs. Skaggs," called the
clerk, and shortly afterward I said:
"Call Mr. Bowls."

The Sheriff called him. He came
into the court room, took the witness
stand, and was sworn.

The most intense silence now
reigned. My fair client was seated
by my side, pale and quiet. The de-

fendant was seated by him, his counsel
calm, confident, and defiant.

"Examine the witness," said the
Judge.

"Mr. Bowls," I began, "are you ac-

quainted with the plaintiff?"

"I am."

"Do you know where she lived,
from the time she was 3 years old,
up to the time she was 16?"

"I do."

"With the late James Morgan?"

"Are you certain that this plaintiff
is the same person?"

"I am."

"That's all I wish to ask," said I
to the court.

"Cross-examine, gentlemen," said
the Judge.

"We don't wish to ask anything,"
said the opposing counsel—two of
the ablest lawyers in the country.

"Let the witness stand aside," said
the court. "Call your next."

"May I please your honor, we have
no other witnesses that we wish
sworn at present," said I rising to
my feet and looking around the room.
A murmur of disappointment ran
through the crowd.

"Then you rest your case here?"
said the Judge with a smile.

"No, your honor, we have some
record evidence that we wish to in-

troduce," and as I spoke I drew it
from my pocket. "It is an authenti-

cated copy from the records of the
county for the year 18—." It proves
that this young lady was duly and
legally adopted as the daughter of
the deceased, and as such is entitled,
under our law, to this property, as
his nearest and only heir at law.
Shall I read it to the jury?"

"Read it," said the Judge.

But Skaggs's lawyers sprung to
their feet with a storm of objections.
For a full hour they argued with
the force of their ability, bringing to

bear their vast knowledge and expe-

rience. But they were finally over-

ruled by the court who directed me
to proceed.

The record was conclusive. After
reading it I announced I would close
the case for the plaintiff.

The defendant was so completely
taken by storm that he did not in-

troduce a single witness. The charge
of the court was lucid and compre-

hensive. In thirty minutes the jury
returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The result was received with loud
acclamations by the excited audience.
Skaggs took the case to the Supreme
Court, but only for the purpose of
gaining time. The judgment below
was affirmed.

Three months later the real estate
was turned over to my fair client.
The securities were given up at the
same time without a suit. With a
part of the interest which had been
accumulating for so many years the
old mansion at Oakdale was refitted
and furnished.

Six months later there was a quiet
wedding at my old friend Bowls's,
in which I took a prominent part.

I am getting on toward middle age.
I love my profession better than ever,
though my time is now necessarily
divided, and a proportion of it de-

voted to the farm at Oakdale.
The old farm house is vocal with
childish music, and a sunny-haired,
soft-voiced little woman makes it
the brightest spot on all the earth to me.

The Great Lebel Rifle.

It is true which is reported in re-

spect to the villainous virtues of the
new French, or "Lebel rifle," others
besides the members of the Peace So-

ciety will hope that the war between
France and Germany may be long
delayed or forever postponed. The
London Telegraph gives interesting
accounts of experiments made upon
the dead bodies of paupers, obtained
for the purpose, with this new weapon.

It is the French Academy of
Medicine who wished to ascertain
the character of the wounds it was
likely to inflict. The bodies were set
up on targets at distances varying
from 200 yards to a mile or more,
and the bullets went clear through
the bones without making fractures.
The wounds were described as very
dangerous and difficult to heal, for
the reason that the passages made
by the bullets were exceedingly small
and almost impossible to treat.

The opinion of the medical experi-

mentalist was that injuries inflicted
by the rifle at a short range were so
great as to be practically incurable.
Possibly this new weapon for the de-

struction of human life, which it is
said, emits no smoke and but little
noise when discharged, may ultimate-

ly become a helper to peace. The
improvement of arms, both for land
and water fighting, goes on at such
a rapid pace, as to render it possible
that wars may be decided after
while in a single contest in which
the major part of the army and navy
of either side will be engaged. Sol-

diers or sailors may not have the
chance of which Falstaff availed
himself, to run away that they may
live to fight another day. The weap-

ons of war may be so destructive as
to make battle fields instantane-
ous graveyards for entire armies. When
that time comes either the barbarism
of war will cease, or wars that begin
with the rising of the sun will end
with its going down.

It will be curious to learn what ef-

fect these terrible destructive weap-

ons are likely to have on the courage
of men. Few who go into battle do
so in belief that they will fall; it is
the habit of men to think all mortal
battles themselves. It is that which in-

duces the courage to go into the
hottest fight. The chances of escap-

ing death are always uppermost in
the soldier's mind, but the improve-

ment of weapons is not only reducing,
but actually destroying, all chance
of safety. After awhile when war
shall become an exact science, and
the order to engage in a battle will
be equivalent to each man receiving his
instantaneous death warrant, with
the possibility of escape either less-
ened or wholly eliminated. There
will be no heroic taking of
risks; there will be merely destruction
of life. If that time should come,
the services of the enlisted officer will
be required to enlist the would-be
suicides, and his place would be al-

most universally taken by the conscription
officer, who will not look for volun-

teers. The "Lebel rifle," which the
London Telegraph describes as a
compact weapon and certain to do
wonderful work in the hands of
the French soldiers, seems to suggest
that the time is rapidly advancing
when all soldiers will be unwilling
ones, pressed by force at the point
of bayonets into the service. War,
with its clumsiest weapons, was suf-

ficiently murderous and inhuman,
but with its perfected weapons it will
be but a means to slaughter, and
whoever shoots first and oftenest
will be sure to win.

The Cobra's Vengeance.

From the Homeward Mail.

Andrew Fischer, an employee of the
Madras Railway Company, was
seated in the veranda of his bungal-

ow and observed two large cobras
on the barren plain immediately in
front of the house. Arming himself
with a stick, he proceeded to the
spot and encountered the snakes. He
succeeded in killing one of them,
while the other which had been slight-

ly wounded, managed to escape. Mr.
Fischer hunted about for the run-

away, but could not find it. He then
returned to his bungalow and rested
for some time, as he was off duty.
Later in the day he prepared to go
to his work, and with that object got
out his clothes to dress. He sat on
his coat, and was about to put on
his shirt when he felt something bite
him on the back. He turned round,
and to his horror found a snake on
the cot behind him, which he said
to have recognized as the cobra he
had wounded that morning. He im-

mediately sought relief, and all kinds
of remedies were applied, but to no
effect, and he died in the evening. It
is commonly believed among the
Hindus that no animal is more re-

vengeful than the cobra, and that if
an attempt is made to kill it and it
escapes it never gives itself rest until
it has wreaked its vengeance upon

"Nasal Voice," Catarrh and False Teeth.

A prominent English woman says the
American women all have high, shrill,
nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans do not like the constant
talking they do about this nasal voice,
and yet it is a fact caused by our dry,
stimulating atmosphere, and the un-

usual presence of catarrhal difficulties.
But why should so many of our wo-

men have false teeth and this nasal
voice? There is more of a power to the
English. It is quite impossible to ac-

count for it except on the theory of deranged
stomach action caused by imprudence
in eating and by want of regular ex-

ercise.
Both conditions are unnatural.
Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail
and end in cough and consumption,
which are promoted by mal-nutrition
induced by deranged stomach action.